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POETRY.

[From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.]

The Banner.

BY B. H. TWOMBLY.

Wave, Liberty's Banner, forever wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave;
Spread proudly thy folds on the wings of the gale,
Strike terror to tyrants, bid freemen prevail.

Shine, Liberty's Star, forever shine,
Gleam proudly on high and never decline,
Shed peaceful thy beams o'er the land and the sea;
A beacon to nations, a light to the free;

And thou, fearless bird, never droop in thy flight,
Soar proudly aloft with thy pinions of might;
O'er land and o'er ocean speed boldly thy way,
Thy shield and thy arrows to the wide world display.

Our Banner waved high on the field of the fight,
When our forefathers bled for our land and our right;
The hero beheld it and might nerv'd his arm,
To the soul of the foeman it thrilled the alarm.

Our ships sailed majestic upon the dark main,
And aloft in the air did our Banner sustain,
Roamed fearless the sea for our liberty's sake,
And gave the fierce fight to our foes on the lake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Useful Family.

On removing some time ago to a new quarter of the town, where I was an entire stranger, one of my first business was to look out for a respectable grocer with whom we might deal for family necessaries. With this object in view, I one day, shortly after our settlement in our new domicile, sallied out on an exploratory expedition, through our own and some of the adjoining streets, in order, in the first place, too see what like the general run of shops in our neighborhood were. The result of this tour was to narrow the matter of selection to three shops of respectable appearance: which of these, however, I should eventually patronize, I did not at the moment determine, as I always like to do things deliberately. This deliberation, then, rendered another tour of observation necessary.

On this second excursion, seeing nothing even after a very careful survey, in the externals of either of the three shop to decide my final choice, I resolved, in the conceit of a pretty ready application of character, on being guided by the result of a glance at the general personal appearances of the respective shopkeepers. On pretence, then, of examining a box of Turkey figs that lay in the window of one of the shops in question, I took a furtive peep at the gentleman behind the counter. I didn't like his looks at all; he was a thin, starved, hungry looking fellow, with a long, sharp, red nose, and I thought altogether a sort of person likely to do a little business in the short weight way with those who dealt with him. I thought, too, from the glance I took of his head, that there was a deficiency in his bump of conscientiousness. Him, therefore, I struck off the list, and proceeded to the next.

This man, was, in all personal respects, the very opposite of the other; he was a fat, gruff, savage looking monster, from whom I did not think much civility was to be expected; nor did I like the act in which I found him when I peeped through the window—this was, throwing a basket at the head of his apprentice. Probably it was deserved, but I did not like the choler it exhibited—so I passed on to the third. Here was a jolly, pleasant, matronly looking woman for a shop keeper. I was taken with her appearance, so in I popped, and we soon came to an understanding. I opened negotiations by the purchase of a couple of pounds of tea, a proportionate quantity of sugar, and several other little odds and ends, for which I had a commission from my wife. We found the articles excellent, our worthy, jolly groceress civil and obliging; and all, therefore, so far as this went, was right.

The grocer, however, although a most convenient sort of personage, cannot supply all the wants of a family; there is another, still more essential, inasmuch as he is necessary, not only to our comfort, but almost to our existence—the baker. We still wanted a baker; having hitherto bought our bread in a straggling sort of way. What we wanted, then, was a regular baker;—and not knowing well where to look for one, we applied to our obliging groceress. The worthy woman seemed delighted with the enquiry; we wondered why; she then solved the mystery.—"Why, sir," she said, "my son's a baker, his shop is just a little further on. He will be happy to supply you, and I undertake to warrent his giving you every satisfaction."

Well pleased to find that our little expenditure would, at least, so far as the addition of bread went, be still kept in the family, we proceeded forthwith to the shop of the baker. It was a very respectable looking one, and the baker himself a civil, obliging fellow; so we settled matters with him on the instant.

It was, I think, somewhere about three weeks after this, that our servant girl brought along with a quantity of butter for which she had been sent to Miss Aikenside's—the name, by the way, of our worthy groceress—a very handsome card, which ran thus:

"Miss Jane Aikenside begs to intimate to her friends and the public that she has begun business in the millinary and dress making line, and that every care and attention will be bestowed in the execution of all orders with which she may be favored."

At the bottom of the card—

"Availing herself of this opportunity, Miss Mary Aikenside takes the liberty of announcing, that she continues to instruct young ladies in music, on the terms formerly advertised, namely two guineas per quarter, of three lessons per week."

"Aikenside!" said I, on perusing the card; "who are they, these Misses Aikenside?"

"Relations of the groceress, I dare say," said my wife, We inquired, and found they were her daughters.

"Very fortunate," said my wife; "I was just at a loss to know where I should go with my own gown. We can't do better than give them to Mrs. Aikenside's daughters."

I thought so, too, and moreover, said so, but being a matter not within my province, I interfered no farther in it. My wife, however, lost no time in calling on Miss Aikenside, who carried on her mother's business in her mother's house, which was immediately over the shop.—The interview was satisfactory to both parties.—My wife was much pleased with both the appearance and manners of Miss Aikenside, and with the specimens of work which was submitted. The children's frocks and the gown were, therefore, immediately put into her hands.—The work was well done; my wife said she had not seen more accurate fits for a long time; so, from this date, Miss Aikenside got all our millinery to do.

The intercourse which this brought on between the female members of the two families afforded my wife and daughters an opportunity of hearing Miss Mary Aikenside's performance on the piano—for she too, resided with her mother—with which they were all delighted; she was, they said, an excellent performer; my wife adding, that as it was now full time that our two eldest girls had begun music (of which indeed, we had been thinking for some time previously,) we might send them at once to Miss Aikenside. I offered no objection, but on the contrary was very glad that we could yet farther patronise the very respectable family whose services we had already found so useful; so to Miss Mary Aikenside our two daughters were sent to learn music, and very rapid progress they subsequently made under her tuition.

It was only now—that's after my two girls had began music with Miss Aikenside—that I began to perceive the oddity of the circumstance of having so many of our wants supplied by one family; for I may add, the baker, who was unmarried, also lived with his mother. But this was an oddity, to be rendered yet more remarkable.

"Mrs. Aikenside, my good lady," said I, on dropping one day into the shop, "you were good enough, besides furnishing us with what you dealt in yourself, to tell us where we could be supplied with what you did not deal in. Could you tell us where to find a shoemaker—a respectable shoemaker."

Mrs. Aikenside laughed. "My husband, sir," she said, "is a shoemaker, and will be much obliged to you for any employment you may be pleased to put in his way."

I now laughed too: for the idea that was becoming, I thought, excedingly amusing. "A shomaker is he?" said I "that's odd, but fortunate, too. Where is his shop? where does he work?"

"Oh, he has no shop; shop rents are so high. He works up stairs in the house; he has a small room set apart for that purpose. Will you walk up and see him, sir, if you please?" she added, pointing to an inside stair, which conducted from the shop to the story above.

I did so; and found Mr. Aikenside, a very respectable looking man hard at work in the midst of two or three journeymen and apprentices.—He had seen me several times in the shop before, so he knew me.

"Mr. Aikenside," said I, "I want a little work done in your way."

"Most happy to serve you sir," said Mr. Aikenside.

"It is but a small matter, though—hardly worth your attention, I doubt, but better things will probably follow."

"Don't matter what it is, sir—don't matter how trifling. Glad and ready to do any thing in my way, however small; always thankful for employment."

"Then, sir, we shall deal," said I "There's a parcle of my youngster's shoes at home that stand in need of repairing?"

"Send them over, sir, and they shall be done to your satisfaction; or I'll send one of these lads for them directly."

Here was an active, prompt, thorough going tradesman then—one who seemed to know what he was about, and who, I had no doubt, would do his work well; just, in short, such a man as I wanted.

I was altogether much pleased with the man, and could not help laughing, remarking to him the oddity of my finding so many of the wants of life supplied by one family. "There," said I "is the grocer, the baker, the milliner, the teacher of music, and the shoemaker, all in one family—all living together."

"Ay, but you have forgot one—there's another still to add," said Mr. Aikenside, appreciating the humor of the thing. "We can furnish you with a tailor, too; and as good a hand, I will say, though he be my own son, as any in town, or the other who he may."

"Bless my soul, a tailor, too!" said I; "where is this to end? Pray where does he hang out?"

"Why, sir, in the next room," and he went to the door and called out "Jim, Jim, I say come here a moment."

Jim came—a smart lad, although in the house dishabille at his calling, we asked a sking [illegible]

"Here," continued Mr Aikenside, addressing his son; "here is a gentleman who doesn't say he wants any thing in your way just now, but who may, probably do so by and by."

Jim bowed politely and not ungracefully, and saying he would be proud of any little share of my employment which I should think fit to afford him, put a handsome embossed card in my hand, with his name and other particulars relative to his business.

The children's shoes were sent to the father; they were promptly and well done, and the consequence was, that we henceforth employed him both to make and mend for us.

The experiment of a suit for one of my boys was soon after made of the son's skill as a workman; it was satisfactory—more than satisfactory. He therefore, was instantly dubbed our tailor, and from this time given all our work, both old and new.

So, good reader, here we are. This single family of the Aikenside one way and the other, get at least three-fourths of our entire income; and right welcome are they to it, for they give a full and fair value in return.

"My name is Haines."

There are thousands of people in this country who make use of the common expression, "*My name is Haines,*" when they are about leaving a place or party suddenly, yet few know from whence the expression is derived. A more common saying, or one in more general use, has never been got up. We hear it in Maine, in Georgia, in Maryland and in Arkansas; it is in the mouths of the old and the young, the grave and the gay—in short, "My name is Haines," enjoys a popularity which no other slang or cant phras has ever attained. "I'm o-p-h," "I must mizzle," "I must make myself scarce," are frequently used, but the expression which heads this article leaves them all out of sight. Having said thus much of the reputation of the phrase be it our next care to give its origin.

Some thirty-five years since a gentleman named Haines, was travelling on horseback in the vicinity of Mr. Jefferson's residence in Virginia.—Party spirit was running extremely high in those days. Mr. Jefferson was President, and Haines was a rank Federalist, and as a matter of course, a bitter oppouent of the then existing administration and its head. He was not accquainted with Mr. Jefferson, and accidentally coming up with that gentleman, also travelling on horseback, his party zeal soon led him into a conversation upon the all absording topic In the course of the conversation Haines took particular pains to abuse Mr. Jefferson, called him all sorts of hard names, run down every measure of his administration, and the non-intercourse and embargo acts at home as most outrageous and ruinous, ridiculed his gun-boat system as preposterous and nonsensical, opposed his purchase of Louisiana as a wild scheme—in short, took up every leading feature of the day, and descanted upon them and their originator with the greatest bitterness. Mr. Jefferson, the while, said but little. There was no such thing as getting away from his particular friend, and he did not exactly feel at liberty to combat his arguments.

They finally arrived in front of Mr. Jefferson's residence. Haines, of course, not acquainted with the fact. Notwithstanding he had vilified and abused, "like a pickpocket," to use an old saying, Mr. Jefferson, still, with true Virginia hospitality and politeness, invited his travelling companion to alight and partake of some refreshment. Haines was about getting from his horse, when it came into his head that he should ask his companion's name.

"Jefferson," said the President, blandly

"The d——l! What, Thomas Jefferson?"

"Yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson."

"President Thomas Jefferson?" continued the astonished Federalist.

"The same," rejoined Mr. Jeffersen.

"Well, "*My name is Haines!*" and putting spurs to his horse he was out of hearing instantly. This we have been informed, was the origin of the phrase.

THE LAST YANKEEISM.—A yankee some two two or three years ago contrived a way of making covered buttons, by just compressing an edge of metal and so in one moment threw a thousand women out of employment. Another yankee by a different application of the same idea, has contrived to put on buttons without sewing, and that too, so that they never can come off. The invention is only applicable to metal buttons, and chiefly to those for suspenders and straps under boots. The button is made in two parts, the eye being a bolt with a large head. It is put through the cloth and a hole in the bottom, when a single blow rivits the two parts together, never to be separated The thing is admirable; and already the man who was fortunate enough to get possession of the thought, is making his fortune, with more orders on hand than he can supply. The same idea was applied to eyelet-holes not long since, and at once the ladies were relieve from a great deal of labor, and could belay themselves much tauter than before. Let the yankees alone, and in a little while they will have strawberry pickers, and whortleberry rakes, and all such things.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

POETICAL.

From the Eastern Argus.

HARD TIMES.

We complained of the Federalists yesterday for their wicked attempts to make the condition of the country appear worse than it really is, and their endeavors to increase the distress under which the people are really suffering.—We spoke of their wicked policy, to these equally wicked and unjustifiable practices of referring all our financial and business troubles directly to the Administration, as their true cause, when they have been in fact occasioned by the Federal policy itself, and in spite of all the legitimate efforts of the Government to prevent them.

A very slight reference to facts and figures ought to put this question concerning the causes of our late and present embarrassments, entirely at rest. Those causes are precisely similar to the causes which have produced trouble and distress throughout the country at various other periods of our National history. The last three years are not the *only* years of distress which America has witnessed. She has suffered in the same way before, and suffered, too, from essentially the same causes. The years 1819, 1820, and 1821, were marked in the United States by suffering and mercantile embarrassment equal to those which now exist. The writers of that period were as dark and shadowy almost, in their representations of *'the times'* as the Federalists of the present day. The fall of prices, the universal stagnation of business, the distress of laborers seeking employment, the reduction of wages and the alarming diminution of the circulating medium were topics which the papers of 1819, were forced to notice, and which were the constant themes of their fruitful complaint. And whence arose the "*hard times*" twenty years ago? Not surely for the want of a National Bank; for a National Bank was then in existence. Not on account of Gen. Jackson's "tampering with the currency;" for the "old hero" was not then President. Not on account of the "*Removal of the Deposites*" or the "specie circular"; for those measures are of later date. No; the cause of the difficulty at that time is now very well understood and has been frequently alluded to by distinguished gentlemen of both political parties—The cause was undoubtedly to be found in the *gross abuse of paper credit*, in which the community had indulged, through the years 1816, 1817 and 1818. The great bank expansions of these years were the natural parents of the difficulties which succeeded them; and the body politic suffered the painful consequences of a wild debauch.

The country was distressed, too, in 1824 and 1825, owing to the abuse of credit in 1822 and 1823. The embarrassment and suffering of this period were eloquently depicted on the floor of Congress, in 1824, by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, both of whom referred them to their true cause—*the overaction of the Banks.*

And, now, what reason is there for supposing, that the existing pressure has any different origin from that of those which preceeded it? None; none in the world; and the supposition would not be made, except to answer the purposes of a set of desperate politicians, who are striving, to build themselves up on the distresses of their countrymen. The pecuniary difficulties of 1837, 1838, and 1839, are just as clearly deducible from the enormous bank expansions of 1835 and 1836, as the revulsions of 1820, could be traced back to the expansions of the years preceding. No man, who has observed carefully at the course of events for the last five years, without coming to this conclusion. Let any person observe carefully the enormous increase of bank circulation which occurred between the latter part of 1834, and the early part of 1837, and he will not be surprised at all at the evils under which the community have been suffering for the last three years. To give some idea of this increase, we will mention a few plain and undeniable facts. For the *two years* preceeding the year 1834, the increase of bank capital in the United States was only about *eight millions* of dollars. In the *five years and a half* following, the increase amounted to the vast sum of *one hundred and eighty millions!* a large portion of which took place during the years 1835 and 1836. This was expansion of *capital*; the *loans and discounts* founded on that capital, were of course, increased at an equally rapid rate. From January 1st 1835 to Jan. 1st 1837 these loans and discounts were swollen from about 365 millions to about 525 millions, and the bank *circulation* was increased, during the same period, about fifty millions of dollars. Who can wonder that such wild inflation and suffusion of bank credit should have produced disastrous results!

In this game of inflation we need hardly say that the U. S. Bank played a distinguished part. What, more than any thing else, set the people afloat upon the sea of speculation, was the extraordinary conduct of that institution during the seven months succeeding November 1834. From this period, the middle of 1835, it expanded its loans and discounts about *twenty millions*, and increased its bills in circulation about *ten millions*. Then was engendered that mad spirit of extravagence and overtrading, which seemed to govern our whole community during the years 1835 and 1836, and the bitter fruits of which the people know well now how to estimate. And yet the advocates of another Bank have the brazen insolence to impute all our present embarrassments to Martin Van Buren and the Administration.

The aim of the federal party now is to revive the scenes of 1835 and 1836, by restoring the chief cause by which those scenes were produced. If Harrison should be elected and the opposition have full sway, another bank bubble would be soon blown up, to explode again after a short period, and scatter ruin and distress over the whole country. Do the people of America wish for *such a change as this*, or do they prefer that safe and prudent policy of the Administration, whose whole tendency is to prevent the evils of a fluctuating currency? Upon this question alone, we should be willing to risque the coming fall elections. No man, who has not eaten of the insane root, can, for a moment, desire to renew the "*prosperity of 1836*," knowing, as he must, know, that it was all hollow and deceptive, and the prolific parent of difficulties without number.

From the Boston Statesman.

Whig brag.—The Richmond Enquirer remarks—"The opposition indeed brag and bluster as usual. Mr Clay brags. Mr Preston brags.—Richmond Whig brags. There is one chorus of bragging and of humbug throughout the party. One would think that the Hero of Tippecanoe was already in the chair." Just so it is here.—The Hartford Convention federalists brag; the pseudo Republicans brag. The *passive* whigs brag and the *active* whigs brag—the *aristocratic* portion of them and the *democratic* portion. The Atlas is nothing but brag. Harrison is coming in, not by voting, but by *acclamation*. Its once "*second rate man*"—for so the Atlas use to call Harrison a little while ago—has loomed up into "a second Washington;" and its tremendous hard cider enthusiasm is to bear him on to office.

Has it not ever been thus? Has not this been the federal game in the last election? They bragged Adams into the presidency in 1828. They were 'certain' he would then be re-elected. "We ARE confirmed in OUR BELIEF THAT THE EVENT OF THE CONTEST IS NO LONGER uncertain," said their papers. The National Intelligencer said, Oct. 11, 1828, "It is thus that already public sentiment discloses itself, overwhelms our adversaries on their own ground"—when writing on recent elections. They also bragged Jackson out of office in the election of 1832. The internal improvement "re-actions" were then *so* decided, so *universal*, so *cheering*, so annihilating to all the hopes of the democracy, that no doubts were entertained of Jackson's defeat,—and they bragged Van Buren from the presidency here in S. C. "Whig" then came into note, and the "whigs" were then, as now, boiling over with zeal and "*full of hope and confidence.*" Louisiana was going for them; North Carolina was in a state of "hopelessness" for Van buren; **Alabama** "without a reasonable doubt" was going for them: Pennsylvania was going for Harrison with "upwards of 60,000 majority; Maryland 'was in a state of collapse"—error had "expired;" and "the friends of order"—viz. the whigs—had "crushed for ever the last lingering hope of the disorganizers." Indeed here is the sum of the whig brags for 1836. It is from the National Intelligencer of Nov. 11, 1836. "Victory perches on the standard of the constitution, and it will soon wave triumphantly in every portion of the confederacy, save, perhaps, in *Missouri* and *New Hampshire*. *We verily believe that in a short time, these two extremities of the union will be all that will be left to the spoilers, and their only refuge.*" Who does not remember the boastings of the Atlas *then?* So much for past whig brag.

And the same tales are now greedily swallowed with the cracker and cider, by the Atlas whigs. It seems as though the very language had been adopted, as the most suitable that could be found that was used in 1832 and 1836. And then the poor whiggies will open their purse strings and bet! It does seem as if they *never* would learn wisdom: nor even the wisdom to distrust *a moment* the sea serpent stories about things to be, which the Atlas, and its kindred prints, are continually plying them with. It all goes down; "It is their natur," as Cooper's Pathfinder would say. So pleasing is the dream for them to see their candidates in the chair of state, and dispensing favors on the right hand and on the left, that they cannot change its spirit, or awake from its spell, until reality bursts upon them. And so they live on inhaling draughts of the pure brag that issue in steady streams from the whig journals, even as one Ephraim of old lived upon east wind. Alas! they have found to their sorrow that "brags" are but Job's comforters; and they are destined once more soon to experience all their misery in utter defeat. There's no *help* for them.

What does he eat?—"Mother," said a little girl, the other day, as she stood gazing at her canary bird, "do they feed Gen. Harrison on sun flower seeds, and give him water through a tube?"

"I don't know, my child," replied the good woman, "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Because, I thought every body that is shut up in a cage had to be fed on some kind of seeds or other, and I thought *sun flower* seeds would be the best for him."—*Hartford (Ct.) Times.*

WHIG ARITHMETIC.—The way the Whigs *calculate* their alleged triumphs and gains, reminds us of a verse of Jim Crow Rice's song of Gumbo Chaff—

"Twice one is five and carry one is seben,
Twice six is nine and eighteen's seben,
So between you and me its very plain to see,
Dey can beat the very debil, by de debil's own recknin'."

A fair hit at political editors.—The N. York Courier says—

"Duff Green has sent us his Tippecanoe Text Book. Were we a politician now, this would answer a great purpose with us. We could praise or blame at once, without further notice. As it is, we shall be compelled to form our opinion before we express one."

[From the Bangor Democrat.]

NAMES AND PRINCIPLES.

Some of the leading opponents of the Administration are now as desirous to be known as Harrison democrats, as they and others of the same kidney once were to be called federalists, National Republicans, whigs, or any other name that they have assumed and worn thread bare in times past. They are as anxious to make people believe they are democrats, as *to conceal their principles, which determine the questions whether they are federalists or democrats.* This absurd assumption forms an important part of their system of deception, but the attempt to create the impression that they are democrats, will be about as successful as would be the effort to convince people that the moon is made of green cheese.

If it be true that the federalists have renounced the old federal doctrins and embraced democracy, *where is the evidence of it?* Have the federals in Congress, or out of Congress embraced democracy? There are some instances of genuine conversion, but as a party the self-styled whigs are federalists still. They oppose with all their might the antagonist measure of a National Bank the Independent Treasury, and are as much as ever in favor of using or creating a power to regulate the currency. They are National Bank men. They do not deny it—they cannot, they dare not deny it. Democrats—and in favor of a National Bank! What an absurdity.

The opponents of the Administration are the friends of a high Protective Tariff and Internal Improvements by the General Government. Do they deny this? They do not, cannot, dare not. We might refer in detail to other measures and principles which indelibly stamp our opponents as FEDERALISTS, but those already alluded to are sufficient for our present purpose. Are those men who are friendly to a National Bank, a Protective Tariff, and a splendid system of Internal Improvement entitled to the name which *democrats* bear?

If the federalists have changed their sentiments it is incumbent on them to proclaim it to the world—to make the new as public as their old belief. If they were converts to democracy, in its true spirit they would herald the change every where, and not refuse to make a declaration of principles for every eye. Do the federalists pretend that they have been converted? It has not been, and cannot be pretended, for the all sufficient reason that *no change has taken place.* Why then the assumption, the unblushing assurance on the part of the Opposition that old Federalists, Bankmen and Hartford Conventionists, but yesterday Whigs, are now Harrison democrats?—*Democratic Federalists*—'Phœbus, what a name'—what a paradox—what arrant nonsense.

Is it possible that the federalists are so short sighted and shallow minded as to suppose that the *stealing of a name*, and the *concealment of principles* will deceive a nation of intelligent freemen upon great questions and fundamental principles involving the stability and perpetuity of our free institutions! It would be a matter of rejoicing if our opponents had become sincere and honest converts to democracy. But deliver us from *sham conversions* and *hypocritical professions*—from wolves in sheeps cloathings And we protest against the *theft prostitution of our good name.* The fair mantle of democracy cannot be made to conceal the deformity of federalism. Mistaken souls who trust to thefts and hypocracies for success.

After having worn out and dishonored a long catalogue of names, the federalists now covet the name of democrat, which they supercilliously objected to and sneered at as it were but yesterday. We know for what purpose the dishonest and characterless change their names, and we also know that honest men are not ashamed of the name worn by themselves and their fathers.—Democrats never purloined any of the names chosen by their opponents, but have invariably been content to bear one name, through good and evil report. Under a cognomen truly indicative of their principles they have firmly established the *democratic principle* by a long succession of triumphs in the popular elections. The federalists would have our name that they may thus triumph, and not because they admire our principles, which they must embrace or they cannot have a shadow of a title to our name.—Piracy upon a name is as mean and base if not as criminal, as piracy upon the high seas. It is disgraceful and morally dishonest—contemptible to the last degree, but in perfect harmony with other acts of men who *boast of their destitution of principles.*

To hear the revilers of the immoral JEFFERSON and the illustrious JACKSON, the old Tories and Hartford Convention Federalists claim to be democrats is enough to stir the blood of the true disciples of those democratic apostles. What profanation—what an abuse of terms. Such hypocrisy and perfect contempt for every thing honest, honorable and consistent, and unparalleled in party annals. Federal impudence and folly are at the culminating point—presently their sun will sink in obscurity below the horizon.

The federalists attempt to show that they are democrats in two ways, which they dignify as reasons. The first is, their log cabins, hard cider, gingerbread, coon skins and songs. Such are THEIR *democratic principles!* The other argument to show the title to the name is, that they have in their party Henry Clay, Wm. C. Rives, N. P. Tallmadge, John Holmes, John Ruggles and F. O. J. Smith, whilom democrats by profession. Because these men and perhaps a few others alike *honest* deserted from the democratic and joined the federal party, *changed their principles,* it is claimed that Hartford Convention traitors and Bank Federalists are immaculate democrats!!

Ye men of feeble minds and small capacities, ye blind, ignorent and vulgar "Loco Foco" who ought not to vote because ye are not rich, who ought to tribute to the Banks and do homage to the Money power, who ought to be grievously taxed to support a lordly aristocracy, and bend you necks to the iron heel of a Moneyed Oligarchy—ye "Jacobines," "Infidels," "Loco Focos," can ye not see that log cabins, hard cider, gingerbread, crackers, small bear, songs and carousals, make Bank Federalists genuine Democrats, and that these *things* are excellent *principles* for a political party and a nation of educated freemen?

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

During the sitting of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, as we learn by a letter received since its adjournment, there occurred an incident which is described by all who witnessed it as a most thrilling occurrence. Gen. Caroll, the venerable compatriot in arms of the old Hero of the Hermitage, presided over the deliberations of the Convention. His scared forehead, and the yet painful effect of his services in the field, added to his grey head, and the recollection of his unspotted political character, made him the observed of all the observers. It happened that the Hon. Tighlman A. Howard, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, delegate from that State, was called upon to address the Convention, which he did in the peculiar and eloquent style which renders him so powerful in debate, and so popular "on the stump."

"This certificate general," he said, referring to the Hero of the British Whigs, "who was obliged to get his men to certify that he did not run from the battle-field, is now the candidate of Federalism. I will point you, to a soldier, Mr. President. I can see him now in his impetuous youth, with firm step, and devoted enthusiasm, following the great Jackson through the Indian wars—mingling with him in the bloody fields of Enueckfaw, of Talidiga, and the Horse Shoe, driving the red fiends from their hiding places, defeating them on their own grounds, and taking them prisoners in their own towns. I can see him again, now advanced to mature manhood, leading a regiment of Tennessee militia, on the far-famed and immemorial field of New-Orleans, when the legions of Great Britain were rolled back upon each other like mighty waves, and when the tremendous and irresistible bravery of the American troops, forced them to retreat again and again, leaving the ground strewed with the dead and the dying! Yes, sir, he was there; and he needs no certificate to prove that he was there. The proofs are to be seen in his limping gait and scarred and battered frame. But I see him again the honored recipient of the gratitude of his fellow-men having been five times elected the Governor of his native State. And I see him now, old, and way-worn, and decripid, but not too old—weak and debiliated as he is—to come forward and leave his far-distant home for his country's sake. This is the soldier."

As Mr. Howard said this, he laid his hand upon the whitened locks of the veteran Carroll!—The feeling may be imagined—it cannot be described. Every Delegate in that vast body rose, and a bright tear trickled down the cheek of the old warrior, while one cheer upon another, from the very souls of those present, repaid the eloquent Speaker.

This is Democratic enthusiasm.

From the N. Y. Post.

HARD CIDER CAROUSALS.

If any of our grave and sober citizens who are the fathers of young men belonging to the Tippecanoe clubs in this city should find themselves perfectly at leasure of a fine evening, when the clubs are advertised to assemble, perhaps they could not better employ their time than by walking out and dropping in at the meetings, which are public, in order just to satisfy themselves what their sons are about. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether these promiscuously convivial associations are proper things to encourage, and whether the newspapers perform their duty in commending them and counselling their readers to attend. We have heard that the number of young men who are seen at these places in a state of intoxication is so great as to excite alarm in many who at first saw with satisfaction the establishment of the Tippecanoe clubs as a party engine.

It is certainly a remarkable fact in the political history of this country, that a party which makes such boasts of its lofy aims, and of the virtue and intelligence of its members, should at once lay aside all the common methods of persuasion, all discussion, of political principles and public policy, and forming an alliance with a degrading vice, should establish schools of intoxication, take a drunken cry for its watchward, and rely upon gaining the majority by such expedients. If these methods succeed, we shall not hesitate to confess that our opinion of the intelligence and the moral condition of the American people has been far higher than it ought to be.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—The Boat rigged and manned by the Whigs of Portsmouth, and hauled in their procession to Concord, and nick-named the Constitution, was a *British Boat, built at Calcutta,* and called the *Prince Albert,* which had lately arrived at Portsmouth from England—from the old *mother* country as the whigs delight to call her. Her commander, *John H. Seaward,* was an old Tory of the Revolution.—How very appropriate all seems to be! Who will now dispute the entire propriety of this tory-whig party, who said "that it was unbecoming a christian people to rejoice in the success of our arms over those of Great Britain," being called British Wigs.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

'FIRE 'EM NOW.'—'Mother,' said an urchin one day in May, 'how long is it before the 4th of July?'

'Six weeks from to-morrow,' was the reply.

'I'll be darn'd if I'll wait,' says Bob, 'give me my crackers and I'll fire 'em now.'

'How long before Old Tip is elected President?' ask the British whig roisterers.

'About doom's-day,' responds fate.

'Be darned if we'll wait. Give us the log cabin cider, jonny cake and skunk skins, and we'll celebrate and get drunk now.'

DIDN'T LIKE THE TUNE.—As the Log Cabin Cabin Caravan was parading their show through our streets, the horse of one of the Tory leaders refused to "go ahead," much to the chagrin of the aristocratic driver; and several others developed the same tricks; whether knowing more than their riders or disliking the tune or their part in so silly a farce, or whatever might be the cause of their unlucky halt, they would no stir until a loud and simultaneous shout of "*Hurrah! for Van Buren!*" from the boys and spectators, stimulated their mettle, and they moved on.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

From the New York Post.

TEMPERANCE vs. HARD CIDER.

Mr. Bacon, an eminent clergyman, settled at New Haven, has thought proper to repeat in another form his warnings against a practice adopted by a certain party in this country, which is likely to make more drunkards than political converts. In a letter to the New Haven Evening Palladium, a whig paper, after observing that the remarks of his on this subject, which have appeared in several of the newspapers, were not delivered from the pulpit, and that instead of saying that "*intemperance* had lately become one of the badges of a political party," he said that "*drinking* had become one of the badges of a political party," he proceeds thus:

"In a rapid extemporaneous address, with only a few moments to speak in, I believe that I used such expression as 'hard cider and harder brandy' or 'hard cider made harder by brandy. At any rate, my meaning was imperfectly expressed, and I do not complain if it has been misunderstood, I had in view two things, which in the haste with which I spoke may have been mixed together as brandy sometime gets into a barrel of cider,—first the fact that much cider is manufactured and consumed with cider-brandy or other spiritnous liquors added to the 'pure juice'—and secondly the fact that many a drinker of brandy and other highly intoxicating drinks, calls his potations hard cider. I know nothing of the matter except by inference from my knowledge of human nature; but ask the bar keeper at the Quinnipiac House, or any other place where the drinking party congregate, whether two-thirds of the 'slings,' 'juleps,' 'cocktails,' and what not, which he sells, are not sold under the name of hard cider.

"Here, then, was the point and drift of my remarks. The taking up of 'hard cider' as a political watch word by a great and triumphant party, at a time when the friends of temperance are trying to introduce the fashion of total abstinence, operates unfavorably for temperance. The enthusiasm of Harrison Conventions—where thousands and thousands come together, and where drinking, whether the juice of the apple or the juice of the grape, is one of the forms in which enthusiasm expresses itself—is a dangerous enthusiasm. Thousands of individuals among our fifteen millions may within this year take their first lesson in that career of convivial drinking, which will bring to poverty and wretchedness, and at last to the drunkards grave. In giving utterance to these sentiments, I spoke as a freeman belonging to no party. I wish these sentiments might be echoed and repeated till every young man in the country is warned of the danger."

"L. BACON.

"Monday, 25th May."

Mr. Bacon is in the right. The party which has been so ill-advised as to turn its political assemblies into meetings for tippling, is certain of one important effect at least—that of recruiting the ranks of drunkenness. We recollect the case of a decent sort of a man who left a prosperous calling to set up a public house, and who gradually became so fond of his own liquors as to get tipsey, every day. A friend of his was one day inquiring into the profits of his new occupation and asking how much he had made. "I have made a great deal," was the reply. "I have made myself a drunkard." When the Whigs come to secure the advantages of this new mode of electioneering they will find the result much the same as in the unlucky publican. Though it may not make whigs of democrats, it is quite certain to make drunkards of whigs.

There is not the least doubt that these practices injure the party which resorts to them.—This alliance of politics and drunkenness shocks, disgusts, and repels men who feel an ordinary regard for morals, and its authors will soon see, if they do not already, how formidable a weapon they have put into the hands of their adversaries. Yet we protest that for the sake of the public welfare, and for the honor of our country we regret that they had not confined themselves to the usual modes of party warfare. It is easier to root out an erroneous opinion in politics than a vicious habit. Mistakes in regard to political measures are corrected as soon as the community is convinced that they are prejudicial to its welfare, but bad habits are not given up thus easily; they are practiced by their victims even after being convinced that they are pernicious.

From the Bangor Democrat.

"GENERAL HARRISON'S POPULARITY."

MR. EDITOR—I noticed an editorial article in a late number of the Boston Mercantile Journal, with the above caption. What will your readers suppose has been found out lately of "Gen. Harrison's popularity?" not that any new States have come to his aid or that there has been changes any where in his favor, but the editor says "*All the women* and all sensible and well natured *animals* of every specie are in favor of Harrison." Wonderful discovery! a new patent invented to elect Harrison by the aid of such "sensible animails" as "doves," "bob-o-links," barn yard fowls and "frogs" (excepting one old bull-frog.) What an accession to the federal ranks! and all of it true to the core, for the editor has heard all these "sensible and well natured *animals,*" speaking the praises of old Tippecanoe to the top of their voices.

I suppose we poor "Loco-Focos" may as well hang up our fiddles, or "sink silently to the bottom" not, for if all the "sensible and well natured *animals*" should take a notion to go to the polls and vote for "old Tip," with some who are not so sensible, he will certainly be elected.

A MECHANIC.

MAKE WAY FOR CHANGES!

The Hon. W. T. COLQUITT, heretofor an opponent of Mr. Van Buren has come out in a long letter to the people of Georgia, in which he says he cannot support Harrison "because he is a Federalist and supported the black cockade administration of the elder Adams."

WILSON LUMPKIN, U. S. Senator from Georgia, has also made a calm appeal to the people of that State, in favor of the re-election of Mr. Van Buren.

In Pennsylvania, T. J. F. Alden, Esq., a leading whig orator, Moses Linn, Peter Buskirk, the Edmund Roberts, have openly renounced the hard cider Harrison party and have pledged themselves to support Mr. Van Buren.

In one county in Ohio more than 50 persons have changed, and say that they cannot support a man who has no principles.—*Trenton (N. J.) Emporium.*

"NEW YORK RUINED."—No one can tell the mischiefs brought upon our country by this most wicked and cruel Administration. Only last week, a dancing woman closed her engagements in the city of New York, and such has been the hardness of the times, that she has been able to make but TWENTY SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in eighteen days.

No one can fail to see that this *small amount* has been the result of the Independent Treasury system, which has put it out of the power of the Federalists to reward the pretty little dancing creature as she deserves. Oh the cruelty of these Loco-Foco-Van-Buren-Sub-Treasury Democrats! What must foreigners think of such a Government as ours?—*Globe.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 30, 1840.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

MARTIN VAN BUREN,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

RICHARD M. JOHNSON,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

OXFORD COUNTY CONVENTION.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the County of Oxford are requested to meet at the Court House on Paris Hill, on WEDNESDAY, the TWELFTH day of AUGUST next, AT ONE OF THE CLOCK, P. M., for the purpose of selecting two candidates for Senators to the State Legislature, and a candidate for County Treasurer. Towns and Plantations are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

OXFORD DISTRICT CONVENTION.

The Democratic Republicans of the several Towns and Plantations, composing Oxford Congressional District, are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to attend a Convention to be holden at the Court House on Paris Hill, on WEDNESDAY, the TWELFTH day of AUGUST next, *at ten of the clock in the forenoon,* for the purpose of selecting a candidate to be supported as a Representative to the 27th Congress. Also a suitable person to be supported as an Elector of President and Vice President.

Per order of County Committee.

June 29, 1840.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Preparations are being made in various parts of the State for the celebration of this, our National Anniversary. We rejoice at these movements, and at the spirit which they indicate. We are called upon, not merely by the memory of the past—a grateful recollection of what our fathers achieved and suffered in our behalf,—but by evidence afforded by succeeding times, that the same spirit not only exists, but has prevailed in the preservation of what they won. The independence acquired by a separation from England, would have been of little avail, had the opinions, wishes, and designs of many of the leading men been carried into execution. We came near changing a monarchy, or rather a despotism, for an aristocracy. But thanks to the zeal and intelligence of the people of those times, we are saved that degradation. From the close of the war to the present day, there has been a constant warfare carried on between the would be aristocracy and the people, and perhaps there has never been a time when the latter were more signally triumphant than the present. At present we are strong,—but we must beware lest that very strength endanger our security. Our opponents have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose. Their hope is in diverting our attention from the great and leading questions of the day, by their foolish parades of log cabin and hard cider conventions,—by appealing to the passions and feelings, instead of the reason and intelligence of the people,—and their triumph can only be through our own supineness and folly. What has cost so much exertion to establish, is worth an effort to preserve. It is good, then, to meet together, more especially on this our National Sabbath, to cherish and strengthen these feelings,—to renew and awaken our zeal in the cause of Liberty and Equality.

WHIG CONVENTION.

The Whigs held their Conuention in this place on the 25th inst., for the purpose of nominating their candidates to be supported at the coming elections. It was organised by the choice of Simeon Norris, Esq., of this town, as Chairman, and Sylvanus Bean, of Brownfield, Secretary. We learn they nominated the candidates of last year for County officers, and Rufus K. Goodenow, of this town, for Elector, and Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, for Representative to Congress. The proceedings of the convention were plentifully interspersed with hard cider and log cabin speeches, from various members of the party—some of whom by the way, are old Federalists, some *renegade* Democrats, and some *modern Whigs,*—a curious medly,—all of which, we understand, go to prove the assertion of J. Q. Adams, that they, the Whigs, *alias,* Federalists, have no bond of principle or union to bind them together, except a principle of opposition to the present Administration, and every thing good.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—A Correspondent of the Barnstable Patriot, has discovered a sure remedy for the ravages of crows and blackbirds, in corn-fields. He had tried the common scare-crow, to no purpose; he then thought he would try a *Whig exhibition* and attempt to *disgust* these sagacious birds. The following is the result of his experiment in his own words:

"Well, I built a "Log Cabin" at each corner of my field—shut the door and "*pulled in the string*" to keep out the "*coons*" and "*skunks*" which *varmints,* I was told, were sure to congregate about the newly built "Log Cabins" now-a-days—then I borrowed a ragged sheet of my old woman, got the *gals* to work something upon it in the shape of the British Arms—with *five stripes* also, and stuck that up in the middle of the lot—and truly, Mr. Editor, the scheme has worked to a charm—not a Crow, nor a Blackbird, nor any other bird, except one *screech-owl,* has trespassed upon my premises since.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Benighted Region of Oxford."

MR. EDITOR,—While travelling, a short time since, in the county of Kennebec, I called at a tavern, and had hardly got seated, before the landlord commenced a conversation about the political prospects of the country. Not knowing who I was, or from whence I came, he thought it necessary to be a little *cautious* what he said, until he could ascertain the political tenets of the stranger with whom he was conversing. If I had had any doubts respecting *his* standing as a politician, they would have been immediately removed, by beholding two or three little, dirty, scurrilous sheets, called the "Log Cabin," laying round in the bar room, which are a very necessary appendage to a retailer of "hard cider," rum, brandy, gin, &c.

With a long face, and hypocritical cant, he gave utterance to a few mournful reflections about the hard times,—the absolute necessity of a "great regulator," to keep the pet banks in order,—the devastation and ruin that would follow the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill,—and, to conclude, came to the conclusion that *all* the great evils under which we are now suffering, were chargeable to the National Administration; consequently, the only remedy was to be found in a change of rulers,—in the election of "Old Tip" to the Presidency. He said "*great changes*" were taking place in different parts of the country,—hundreds in Maine were deserting the present Administration,—that the Whigs, at least, would have a great gain at the coming elections, especially in the county of Oxford. To this old worn out Federal slang, I gave such a reply as I thought it deserved. Upon this, he began to wax *warm,*—"hard cider" began to boil in his veins—especially when I told him I resided in old Oxford, and that all he had said about changes, was a base fabrication. Putting himself in the attitude of a regular stump orator, raising his voice, to correspond with the momentous truths (*lies*) he was about to utter, he proceeded:—"*I* once lived in the county of Oxford. *I* know the people there. Many of them are honest, but a great proportion are too IGNORANT *to know how to vote understandingly* upon any of the great questions now before the American people." Had we not have been proclaimed to the world, a "benighted region," by the choice spirits of Kennebec before, I might have been somewhat surprised at this foul aspersion upon the people of my own county; but as it was, I took it from whence it came, and told "mine host" I thought an acquaintance with Kennebec had had a very *enlightening* influence upon *him,*—that a re-acquaintance with the people of Oxford would learn him a little good manners, provided he had not wallowed so much in the sloughs of federalism, as to render his case entirely hopeless.

I mention this case, as one, coming under my own personal observation, to show what kind of an estimate the federal party put upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. Too ignorant, they say,—yes, *too ignorant,*—to understand how to vote, in the county of Oxford. I ask the honest, independent, hard-working yeomanry of Oxford county—what think you of all this? To be called too ignorant to exercise your dearest rights, by a swaggering, panic-making, bank-ridden aristocracy!

Every one, who has been acquainted with the history of the federal party for several years past, will recollect this has always been the course they have pursued. They will endeavor to deceive, buy, and drive all around them, in order to get their votes in support of their corrupt and treacherous principles;—and all who exercise their rights as freemen, *independently* and *fearlessly,* are denounced in loud and measured terms, *fools!* FOOLS!! FOOLS!!!

I wish to say one word to the federalists of Kennebec, and all others belonging to the party: When you say the people of Oxford are ignorant, or less intelligent than the people of *any other* county, you utter a base, malicious, and wilful *lie;* and for such audacious libels upon their character and intelligence, you deserve to be for ever branded as menial scoundrels.

O. P. Q.

June 22, 1840.

For the Oxford Democrat.

JUNE 23, 1840.

MR. EDITOR,—The long agony is over. The great, grand, "hard-cider-log-cabin-coon-skin" convention hasbeen and brought forth——Edward the First.—They have elected the grand Duke, Governor, the same as they do nearly all their candidates,—in *prospect.* And as for "Old Tip," he *certainly* will carry Maine, in November, just as sure as —— he can get *votes enough* to do it. The members of the convention were utterly astonished at the great re-actions which are now going on in the State. Their presiding officer was an example before them. That firm, substantial, and unwavering democrat, Capt. Rufus K. Goodenow, was chosen President,—for it is an undeniable fact, that he became awfully *shocked* with the idea of belonging to the Loco Focos any longer than while they would give him a *fat office,*—it being more than his *fiscal sensibilities* could endure, to be thrust so unceremoniously aside, after having fed out of the *public crib* more than *eighteen years;* and now, as a last resort, has taken to guzzling hard cider; and has had the superlative honor to *preside at the bung,* while the *old* fods kicked the casks, and tended the measures.

No wonder Bill Willis *promised* Maine to Harrison. A few more such re-actions as Captain Goodenow's transition from Loco Focoism, to the *genuine* democracy, will completely *annihilate* Van Burenism in Maine. The whole population, *en masse,* will be seen acting under the enlightening influence of hard cider and gin cocktails. Raise the shout,—let it be borne on the breezes of heaven, into every nook and corner of the Union: *The President*—only think of it!!—*the President of the State Convention in Maine, has left the Locos and gone over to the Whigs!* Maine is safe,—hurrah for "Old Tip,"—guzzle, guzzle, guzzle.

There was that old cock—John Holmes—who says his nose ain't quite as red as it used to be, before he joined the temperance Society?—giving a hard cider speech, and amusing the *grand-ma's* and whig *babies,* with some of his delicate, polite, and *modest* stories. A truly interesting sight! And then there were a

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Democrat.

JUNE 23, 1840.

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lot of other fellows, chuck full of patriotism and hard cider, who mounted the balcony of the old State House, and spouted away, like so many *harpooned* whales.—Well, I guess they about all thought—that is, those who were in a *thinking* condition—before they got through, that they had come on "Tom fool's" errand; that they had better staid at home,—I wont say, to hoe corn or potatoes, for a large proportion of them were *white fingered* gentry, with their *wigs* trimmed with "*soap locks*,"—but to speculate and regulate the condition of banks and banking.

Well, 'squire Kent, if *your* "confidential committee" would speak, I guess they would say, you would *like* to be Governor next year,—your letter to the contrary, notwithstanding. But you can't come it,—it takes skipper John to row *that* boat, and you must be content with the honors now resting on your brow, in consequence of "running the line," and settling the question of the North Eastern Boundary, &c.

Feeling kind of poetic, I will close by quoting a couple of lines of a verse, which our *Whig* folks always put on their standards, for a *motto*, on all days, and upon all occasions, when they get together to *tap the cider barrels*. It runs something like this:

"See how our streaming banners float;
The banner of the *petticoat*."

Yours, &c., "HUGE PAW."

For the Oxford Democrat.

AUGUSTA, June 26, 1840.

MR. EDITOR,—Quiet seems to be again restored to this usually very quiet town. The *great* day of the *Log-Cabinites* has passed, and all matters seem to have resumed their wonted composure; and although those deluded people, upon that occasion, really appeared to have confidence in their exertions, "the sober second thought" has thrown them into despondency; so that now those who were most fiery and heated upon that *memorable occasion*, say openly, that they have but little hope of carrying the State of Maine,—that she has joined herself to her idols.

Well, really, I pity them,—who can help it?—but it is that kind of pity one feels for the vagabond or criminal, who has transgressed the laws of his country, and is about to receive condign punishment. We regret that he has perverted the nobleness of his nature, and law thus fallen in the scale of moral and intellectual beings. Yet these men seem not so much to deserve pity as even the criminal himself; not that I would rob any one of the right of his opinion, or the open avowal of it,—but when they attempt to gull the community—to thus impose upon the good sense of an intelligent people—it should but be received with indignity, and answered with sovereign contempt.

When men profess to be an opposition, and cannot tell what they are opposed to, so far as principle is concerned—or rather dare not avow the true grounds of their opposition, nor assert any principles by which they are governed, it is time to suspect they mean no good to the people, and that their inward notions are, that the people are incapable of self-government. Such is precisely the course now being pursued by the federal party in this State and nation. They know that the moment they avow their objects, such of the people as are now with them, will leave "like rats from a sinking ship;" and such was the design when Gen. Harrison was brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency. No other man could have stood any possible chance of success, for their leading men are so identified with the great questions that now divide the two political parties,—questions which have so often been rejected by the people, that they well knew their only chance was by bringing forward a sort of *weathercock*, that they could turn to advantage, let the wind come from what quarter it might. But it is no go. The people of this country are not to be led into the political gull-trap, for they now have a President whose straight-forward, open, manly, and Democratic course has gained their warmest approbation, and by the common usage of the country, he is entitled to a re-election; and I predict that he will be re-elected, and that, too, by a larger *majority* than Harrison can have electoral votes.

On the day after the *great* convention, a few of the more sanguine *hard ciderites* were assembled in the *log cabin* at Hallowell, and were making their frothy speeches, when an honest old farmer rose and asked to be heard. He said that he had always been a *federalist*, was friendly to the election of Gen. Harrison; "but," said he, "the course our leading men have taken in this campaign has ruined us as a party. It has secured the re-election of Van Buren beyond a doubt, and when the *leading* men of our party shall thus attempt to impose upon the sober sense of an enlightened people, it but shows their own folly and ignorance. This mock log cabin," continued the old man, "will loose us hundreds of votes in this State, and will *sour* the minds of the honest portion of our party, so that we shall be completely broken up and ruined. When gentlemen with silk gloves on their hands, and silk stockings on their feet shall be seen in cities laboring to rear *log cabins*, and are hoarse with crying *hard cider*, it too plainly shows to the people that you are attempting to gull them. It will never do." As the old man here paused to look around him, all was in the utmost confusion—some hissed him—some swore he was a fool—but most of them were struck so forcibly with his common sense remarks, that they quietly left the *cabin*, and, as I learn, have not been there since.

The Governor and Council have just closed their session and left for their homes. The most important business performed by them, was the appointment of Superintendant of the Insane Hospital; which appointment fell upon Dr. Cyrus Knapp of this town; a gentleman of great skill, and fine litterary attainments, possessing that gentleness and urbanity of manners, and at the same time that self possession and firmness requisite for the responsible calling upon which he is about to enter. The appointment has given universal satisfaction so far as I can learn. Dr. Knapp has spent much time in Philadelphia, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other places, where he has seen much of the insane, as well as the treatment of the most eminent physicians in the country. I have no doubt the utmost satisfaction will be given to the friends of that unfortunate class of individuals, who may avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to try the only proper method of restoring the faculties of the mind, after they have become deranged and broken up. The Hospital will, I learn, be ready for the reception of inmates by the first of September. Yours, &c. C.

"JUST THE MAN."—The editor of the federal Journal, states that many persons have said to him, that "*Kent was just the man to get the State out of its financial difficulties.*" The editor must have laughed heartily at the fools, who would be puzzled to point out the year, since 1820, when the State run into debt faster, than in 1838, under the rule of this same Mr. Kent.—*Age.*

☞ "Speer me no questions, and I'll tell thee no lies," says the old Scotch proverb, and this accounts for Harrison's

Tied up tongue, and sealed up mouth,
To humbug North, and silence South.

"Jim does your mother ever scold you?"—"No,—something worse than that." "Does she whip you, Jim?" "No, never whips me, *but she washes my face every morning!*"

THE ST. LOUIS MURDER.

The Louisville Advertiser states that Mr. A. J. Davis, proprietor of the St Louis Argus, died on the 8th inst. of the wounds inflicted by Mr W. P. Darnes.

This murder is one of the most atrocious which has ever been recorded in America. The following account of it is from the St Louis Argus:

"As Mr Davis was going to his dinner, at the National Hotel, about two o'clock yesterday afternoon he was met in the middle of Market street by Darnes, who, after accosting him with a few words, which were not heard, slapped Mr. Davis in the face, and then struck him several times with an iron cane which he held in his hand. Mr Davis succeeded in parrying the blows with a light umbrella which he held in his hand, and which was the only weapon he had about him—until finally, Darnes having bent his iron cane with the severity of the blows, took hold of the small end of it with both hands and struck Mr Davis with the heavy loaded knot. The violence of these blows broke down Mr Davis's defence, by shattering the slender umbrella—and Darnes then dealt the fatal blows. He struck him six or seven times with the heavy loaded knot at the end of this iron cane, over the head, and every stroke broke in the skull.

"Mr Davis was rescued from his brutal assailant by the humanity and kindness of Mr William Amos, who, though many yards distant when it occurred, immediately rushed to his assistance, and snatched him from the blows of his assailant, in spite of the remonstrance of Thornton Grimsley, "to let him alone—let them have it out."—Mr Davis was conveyed by Mr Amos to a back room of the Hotel, where Dr McMartin and Dr Sykes soon came to his assistance. His head was found to be shattered and lacerated in the most dreadful manner, and he was by direction of Dr. Sykes taken to the hospital to be placed under the care of the Systers of Charity. Dr. Beaumont afterwards came in and assisted in the opperation of trepanning. Darnes and Grimsley were waiting for some hours at the National Hotel for the purpose of meeting with Mr. Davis and perpetrating this foul act. Grimsley appeared as his adviser and abettor, was in close and private conversation with him before and afterwards stimulated Darnes to the act, shouted against any interference on the part of the bystanders, reminded Darnes not to run, and advised him to take good care of his bowie knife, which Darnes did, by putting his hand in his bosom and loosening the blade from the sheath. There was a large number of bystanders, friends of Grimsley and Darnes, who stood by, indifferent spectators of one of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders which has ever disgraced the annals of any country."

Darnes took offence, it seems, at the following paragraph in the St. Louis Argus:

"A word about this bank movement. Nothing that has yet occurred in the present contest more clearly proves the dunghill breed of the Federalists than this movement, and the toadies made use of it to play off the game."

Supposing himself alluded to in this passage, Darnes demanded an explanation of Mr. Davis, who, having no editorial control over the paper properly declined giving any. Darnes, instead of resorting to the editor of the paper, then attempted the act of assassination which is described in the preceding extract.

Mr. Davis was born in Northborough, Worcester Co., Massachusetts, on the 15th day of March, 1815, and was of course a little more than twenty-five years old. He has left to mourn his loss a widowed mother and two sisters, in Massachusetts, and also two brothers, one of whom is now in St. Louis. Mr. Davis was a nephew of the Hon. John Davis, now a Senator in Congress from his native State, and is otherwise most respectably connected in Worcester county. He became the proprietor of the Argus on the 19th of November, 1839, and had been employed as Secretary of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Insurance Company of St. Louis until within the last two months, and resigned that situation for the purpose of giving himself more time to devote to the interests of the newspaper establishment of which he had become the owner.

He was educated as a Lawyer, and practiced at the bar for some time both in Massachusetts and Missouri. He removed to the West and established himself in St. Louis in 1836; and he had only ten days previous to the infliction of the mortal wounds been nominated on the Democratic ticket for the Legislature.

We ought to add, that the Argus explicitly denies that this was, as has been asserted, an affair between political friends, and states that Darnes, though a new convert, is a bitter and implacable adherent of the opposition party. It also declares that the assault was part of the scheme hatched by a knot of reckless patizans to intimidate and silence the Argus.

We should say, also, that Darnes is now in prison, awaiting his trial for murder'

WHIG CONSISTENCY.—Upon one of the cotton banners attached to the British Whig Caravan, which paraded through this village last Tuesday was the very appropriate inscription "hard cider—now go it!" carried by a member of a Religious and of a Temperance Society! These are the characters who have professed to have all the decency, and have been long and loudly preaching up Temperance. The cry is, *now go it*, for bachanalian revels—for the worst of all drunkenness—hard cider drunkenness—this what we call Whig principle—Whig consistency.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette of June 23.*

"This smacks of corruption," as the judge said ven he swallowed rotten eggs in mistake.

The Baltimore Republican represents the preliminary meetings of the Democracy of that city as indicative of the best results for the administration. So much activity and zeal have never appeared there at so early a stage of the campaign nor was ever a determination to conquer more palpably or emphatically expressed. There is no parade, no bragging; no Sunday powows, but there is evinced that stern resolve which a regard for principle can alone inspire and which no childish parade can divest from the accomplishment of its purpose.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Republican.*

The course pursued by the whig party in concealing their own views, the projected policy of Harrison's administration, and more especially putting him under keepers, has completely disgusted and driven from their ranks, many of their most sensible, honest and upright men. The Globe publishes three letters, two from Indianna and one from Kentucky, from prominent men who have heretofore stood high in the whig ranks, who like honest men could no longer act with a party totally destitute of principle, and avow their determination to support, to the extent of their influence, the present administration. Nor is this feeling confined to a few or single State. It is spreading wide and more widely still. Men are not to be deceived by shows, banners, monkey tricks, cider barrels and the like. They *will* think, and the result: of their reflections will be in no wise favorable to the party which resorts to such contemptible means to sustain itself.—*Saco Democrat.*

HARRISON A FEDERALIST.

If any one be in doubt that Gen. Harrison was a particular friend of John Adams during the reign of terror, let him read the following extracts from the Journal of the U. S. Senate:

UNITED STATES, July 10, 1797.

Gentlemen of the Senate: I nominate the following persons for promotions and appointments in the army of the United States:

* * * * * *

FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

Wm. H. Harrison, Esq., of Virginia, Capt., vice Kingsbury removed. JOHN ADAMS.

TUESDAY, June 26, 1798.

The following written message was received from the President of the United States, by Malcom, his secretary:

Gentlemen of the Senate: I nominate Wm. H. Harrison, Esq., of Virginia, to be Secretary of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio.

JOHN ADAMS.

UNITED STATES, May 12, 1800.

Gentlemen of the Senate: I nominate Wm. H. Harrison of North-western Territory, to be Governor of the Indianna Territory.

JOHN ADAMS.

☞ The Journal continually repeats that bank capital was largely increased under the administration of Gen. Jackson. Why does it not add, that the Salem murder and the burning of the Convent at Charlestown happened under the same administration? Gen. Jackson has as much to do with the last as with the first.—*Age.*

ORGANIZATION.—The Democratic Address of the Republican members of the New York Legislature, "earnestly recommends the formation of democratic associations in every township in the country and every ward in the cities of that State, the objects of which should be, not to imitate the Whigs or violate the laws and fill the land with falsehood, but to maintain the true principles of democracy and maintain the rights of the people."

THE PRINTERS' FESTIVAL which occurred, on Wednesday, in Boston, went off in good style. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and about four hundred persons were present, most of whom were, in some way, connected with the Press. Joseph T. Buckingham presided at the table, and made an address of considerable length, which is spoken of in terms of approbation. Among the other gentlemen who addressed the assembly were Robert C. Winthrop, Mr. Collector Bancroft, Mr. Grattan the British Consul, Rev. Dr. Palfry, Rev. Professor Sears, Mr. Prentiss of Keene, &c. Many good sentiments were uttered and drank, and the music, vocal and instrumental, is said to have been excellent.

FALL OF PRICES.—The late annual report of the Bank Commissioners of Connecticut shows that in the short period of three months, or between the 30th of September and the 30th of December, 1839, the circulation of the banks of that State was diminished upwards of fifty six per cent!—*Argus.*

MARRIED.

In Sumner, by Bethuel Cary, Esq., Mr. Thomas J. Bisbee and Miss Silvia Stetson.

DIED.

In Norway, 24th April last, Mr. John Needham, aged 80 years. He was a soldier of the Revolution. Massachusetts papers are requested to insert.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,

AUGUSTA, June 21, 1840.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all claims upon the State, now due and for which Warrants or Scrip are now outstanding will be paid on presentment as follows:—those held

In the County of York—to the Manufacturers Bank—Saco.
" " of Cumberland—to Jas. B. Cahoon, Esq.,—Portland.
Southerly part of Oxford—to same do.
Northerly part of do—to the Treasurer at Augusta.
In the County of Penobscot—to " " at the Bangor House, on Tuesday the 30th of June.
" " of Piscataquis—to the Treasurer at the Bangor House, on Tuesday the 30th of June.
" " of Waldo—to the Treasurer at Belfast on Thursday the 2d of July.

All other Counties will be paid at the Treasury on and after the 30th day of June inst.

D. WILLIAMS, Treasurer.

June 23.

J. B. Cahoon may be found at his Counting Room in the New Exchange.

The Publishers of the several newspapers in the State are requested to publish the following for three weeks. 3w46 D. W.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS I, John Purinton, of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, State of Maine, have a claim by Mortgage Deed, dated at Paris, County of Oxford, State of Maine, June 19, 1833. Said deed being recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 42, page 70; said mortgage was transferred and assigned to John B. Stowell of said Paris, and recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 41, pages 254 & 255, March 7, 1834; then the aforesaid mortgage deed was transferred and assigned to me on the fifteenth day of April, A. D. 1834. The above mortgaged property is situated in the Village called Paris Cape containing seventy-four acres more or less. For further description reference may be had to said Records. Whereas the conditions of the same have been broken the said John Purinton claims to foreclose the above mentioned mortgage, agreeable to an act additional to act respecting mortgages and the right in equity of redemption, approved March 20, 1838.

JOHN PURINTON.

Portland, June 19, 1840. 3w46

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ANNA P. FROST, Administratrix of the estate of Edmund Frost, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris, in said county on the twenty-fifth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

OTIS C. BOLSTER and PETER C. VIRGIN, Administrators of the estate of Francis Keyes, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, having presented their second account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also their several private claims against said estate—

Ordered,

That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Rumford, in said county, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed,—

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty

SALLY GLEASON, named executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Isaac Gleason, late of Mexico, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said county, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

TIMOTHY CROCKETT, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Brown, late of Paris in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of the personal estate.

Ordered,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-fifth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy, Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ISAAC STRICKLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Wood, late of Grafton, in the county of Worcester, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-third day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

WILLIAM WYMAN, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Asa Gooding, late of Livermore in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June, next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty

ISAAC WAIT, named Executor in a certain instrument, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of William Wait, late of Dixfield, Oxford County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate—

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said county, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of EPHRAIM MARBLE, administrator of the estate of Jerathmael Hawkes, late of Mexico, in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of three hundred dollars, and praying for license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said County, on the fifteenth day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD ss:

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday, the 20th day of July next, at four o'clock P. M., at the Inn of Ezra J. Stone in Canton, in said County of Oxford, all the right in equity which Breed Blanchard had on the thirteenth day of April last to redeem the lot of land, and buildings thereon, situated in said Canton, and being the farm on which the said Breed Blanchard now lives. Further particulars made known at the time of sale.

LEE STRICKLAND Dep. Sh'F

June 18, 1840. 3w46

NOTICE.—As Hannah Jordon, a pauper, has absconded from the Almshouse in Norway, where we have made sufficient provisions for her support; this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on the account of the town, as the town will pay no debts of her contracting.

SAMUEL COBB, } Overseers of the
ANSEL TOWN, } Poor of the town
BRACKETT MARSTON. } of Norway.

Norway, June 25, 1840. 3w46

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

ELEAZER BRYANT,

late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs,—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JAMES DEERING.

Paris June 23, 1840. *3w46

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

THOMAS KNOX,

late of Livermoe, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to LYDIA KNOX.

Livermore, June 23, 1840. *3w46

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

MERCY MERRITT,

late of Livermore, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to MOSES STONE.

Livermore, June 23, 1840. *3w46

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

STEPHEN PINGREE,

late of Norway, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs, He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to WM. PINGREE.

Norway, June 23, 1840. *3w46

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

ON the petition of JOHN JAMESON, administrator on the estate of Daniel W. Ellis, late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of three dollars, but praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased, as a partial sale thereof would injure the residue, for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered,—

That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said county, on the fourth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w46 Copy Attest—*Levi Stowell*, Register.

NOTICE.

THOSE persons indebted to the subscriber on Note, which has become due are requested to make payment without delay.

Those whose notes have been due one year are notified that unless payment is made, or a part, by the first of July next, they will be left for collection, without distinction. FRANCIS BEMIS.

Paris, May 28, 1840. 42

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Edward Boston, of Canton, in the county of Oxford, State of Maine, did, on the 26th day of October, 1832, execute to Charles Bearce of said Canton, a mortgage deed of a certain piece of land situated in said Canton, and bounded as is particularly described in said deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 55, pages 392 and 393. And whereas the said Charles Bearce, on the 19th day of November, 1838, by his deed of assignment, duly executed, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 55, page 393, assigned and transferred all his right, title, and interest in said estate so mortgaged to him, with said mortgage so made to him by said Boston, to Lucia Willis, of Hebron, in said county; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken by said Boston, I, the said Lucia Willis, having since changed my name to that of Lucia Perkins, by intermarriage with Asa Perkins, Jr. of Bridgewater, Mass., now claim to foreclose the same. LUCIA PERKINS.

June 18, 1840. *3w45

Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Jacob Brown, late of Paris, yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, that six months are allowed by law, to the several creditors to bring in and prove their claims;—that they will be in session for the purpose of attending to the duties aforesaid, on the second Monday in July, and the first Monday in December next, at the dwelling house of Moses Buck in Sumner, from one to four o'clock P. M. on each of said days. JOSIAH DUDLEY,
MOSES BUCK,

Sumner, June 13, 1840. 3w45

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of CROCKER & SHAW, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 26th day of March last. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to E. C. SHAW at the old stand, by the first of July next; otherwise their demands will be left with an attorney for collection, "*and no mistake.*"

THOMAS CROCKER,
E. C. SHAW.

Paris, May 11, 1840. tf

ISAAC RANDALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DIXFIELD, ME.

Fourth of July.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

THE friends of TEMPERANCE in the county of Oxford, are notified that their next Conference will be holden at Rumford Point, at the free church in that place, at 10 o'clock, on the morning of that day. An Address will be expected.

It is hoped a strong Temperance Delegation will there convene, from every town and plantation in the county. Per order of the Committee.

t23w14

POETRY.

An Apology for Kissing.

"The rakish winds kiss all they meet."
As on viewless wings they fly;
The vallies kiss the mountains' feet,
And the mountains' kiss the sky.

The rivers kiss, unthrift of love,
Their banks begrimmed with flowers,
And swallows leave bright heaven above
To kiss this world of ours!

The swinging billows kiss the beach,
Though in most unlovely fashion,
And the cypress longs the earth to reach,
T' enjoy the darling passion.

The fleecy clouds kiss Phœbe's light,
The starry sky adorning;
And day beams kiss the brow of night,
Ere the burst of the dewy morning.

The ivy kisses from its birth,
All other cares dismissing,
And all things bright and fair on earth
Seem most engaged in kissing.

As this by all is seen and heard,
And known to be the most true love,
'Twere most unnatural and absurd,
I should not now kiss you love.

[From the Record of Genius.]

"SO WAS FRANKLIN."

"O, you're a' prentice!" said a little boy, the other day, tauntingly to his companion.—The addressed turned promely round, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered, "so was Franklin."

The dignified reply struck me forcibly, and I turned to mark the disputants more closely. The former, I perceived by his dress, was of a higher class in society, than his humble yet more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarcely twelve years old, and coarsely, but cleverly attired. But young as he was, there was visible in his countenance, much of genius, while that of the former showed only loste ed pride, and the imagined superiority of riches.

This little fellow, thought we, gazing at our young hero, displays much of the man—though his calling be an humble one; and though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality, still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already rises in anticipation from poverty, and woe, and wretchedness! Once, "so was Franklin!" and the world may one day witness in our little "prentice" as great a philosopher, as they have already seen in his noble pattern. And we passed on buried in meditation.

The name for our infantile philosopher contains too much to be forgotten, and should be engraved on the minds of all. What can better cheer a man in humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and the best of the earth—the greatest statesman, the highest philosophers, and the proudest warriors, have once graced the same profession?

Look at Cincinnatus! At the call of his country he laid aside the plough, and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success, his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longe stay, he "beat his sword into a ploughshare," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was first a farmer—next Commander-in-Chief of a host of freemen fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression; next retired to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a president of the highest republic on earth—and lastly a farmer again!

Look at Franklin! He who

——"With the dignified, as a friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the cigar-smoke's wing,
In spiral twist!"

What was he? a printer! once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face, but her blank, hollow look could nothing daunt him. He struggled against a harder current than most are called on to encounter; but he did not yield. He pressed manfully onward, bravely buffeted misfortune's billows, and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous Ben Johnson? He was at first a bricklayer or mason! What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer.

What was Burns? An Ayrshire ploughman! What was he in after life, in the estimation of his countrymen, and the world? Your library gives the answer!

But shall we go on, and call up in proud array, all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died, who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received their first lessons in the school of Misfortune? Nay; we have cited instances enough already—yea, more than enough to prove the point in question—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored by some's greatest and best worthiest.

Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointments well nigh sink your despairing soul? Have courage! Mighty ones have been your predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark.

Do you despise your humble station, and repine that Providence has not placed you in some noble sphere? Murmer not against the dispensation of an all-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth; that riches, dishonestly gained, are a lasting curse; that virtue and uprightness work out a rich reward; and that

"An honest man is the noblest work of God!"

And when dark disappointment comes, don't wither at her star, but press forward, and the prize is yours! It was thus with Franklin, it can be thus with you. He strove for the prize and won it! So may you.

Correct the faults of your children without anger or brutal violence, but with a calm and affectionate firmness. Take care to let them find nothing but bitterness in the paths of vice.

Believe not that you have fulfilled all your duties toward your children when you shall have furnished them with nourishment for the body. You must make them men; and what is man if not a moral and intelligent being?—Let them learn of you then to discern good from evil,—to love and do the one, to detest and avoid the other.

How to kill a Flea.—Place the animal on a smooth pine board and hedge him in with putty; then *read* him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and *he will starve to death!*

Little Else.—An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll; Sir, said he, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel, have you done so sir? Sir, said Jekyll with a look of contempt, I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were LITTLE ELSE!

The Bible.—It is said of Sir Walter Scott, that on one occasion during his last illness, he requested a friend to hand him a book. What book? inquired his friend. How can you ask *what* book replied Sir Walter—there is but *one book.*

Modesty.—A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not long since where baskets of various descriptions were sold and asked the keeper if he had any *matrimonial baskets*, she being *too polite* to say *cradle.*

Knows his nose.—He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose, and if he said he knew I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I knew he knows his nose.

The Boston Post stated a short time since, that it received a communication from a mechanic, of which the following is an extract:

"I am and have been for the last ten years, at work for a very rich man. Until the last two years, I was receiving thirteen dollars for the same work for which I am allowed but six dollars; yet my employer makes and sells as much as ever, and for the same prices. The plea my employer makes for thus reducing my wages is—that there is no U. S. Bank and that the times are hard, and must remain so till there is a change in the present administration!

Carrying out the Principle.—A countryman, a democrat, was selling a barrel of *hard cider* to a whig the other day. The whig insisted on tasting the cider before he bought it, which the farmer refused telling him as he was taking Old Tip for President without knowing his political opinions, he must carry out the principle and buy *hard cider* without tasting it. —*Balt. Rep.*

Short and Sweet.—The following resolution was adopted at a Democratic meeting in Vermont:

"*Resolved*, That WE DON'T BELIEVE IN BEING SOLD AS WHITE SLAVES."

NEW STORE.

THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly occupied by James Longley, at South Paris, near the Inn of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to patronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general assortment, amongst which may be found,

A SUPERIOR LOT OF

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCKSKINS, SATTINETS, Etc. Etc.

Also, a large & carefully selected assortment of CALLICOES, COPPER PLATES, and COLD CAMBRICS.

Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satins, Gro de Swiss & Gro de Nap silks for dresses, Sarsenets, Synchaws and Florence Silks, Bombazines, fig'd satin, Camorics, &c.

Blk. Pongee, Bandanna, and Flag Hdkfs.
Ladies' Blk. Silk GLOVES.
Ladies White Lace Do.
Gents and Ladies Kid Do.
Ital. Sew'g Silks and Twist.
Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings
Cap and Bonnet Ribbons,
Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Selicia,
Cambrics, Cambric Muslins and
Bishops Lawns,

Sheeting and Shirting Bleached and Unbleached—Tickings and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear, Ducks, Pauding and Canvass, Suspenders Elastic and Worsted.

Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking Shoes.

Also a general assortment of W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES & HARD WARE together with other articles too numerous to particularize, all which will be sold low for cash or country produce.

Harness and Trunks Kept constantly on hand. The Harness business will be carried on as heretofore and all who want for a first rate article at a fair price will do well to call and examine for themselves.

D. S. HUBBARD,
J. T. CLARK.

South Paris April 24, 1840. tf

NEW SPRING GOODS
JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON
BY
ELI HOWE,

CONSISTING of Blue, Blue-Black, Brown, Claret, Invisable, Olive-Brown, and mixed

BROADCLOTHS CASSIMERES
and
Sattinets, Buckskin and Buffalo Cloths,

—ALSO—

A good assortment of Cloths for Summer wear. Superior *Black* and *Blue-Black Silk Velvet.*

Silk, Silk Satin, Marsellies white, Buff and figured Vestings.

SILKS FOR DRESSES.

A prime assortment of English, French and American mourning and selected Prints from 7 cents to 37 1-2 cents.

Ladies Worsted and Cotton Hose. Kid and Silk Gloves. Florence and eleven braid Bunnetts. Figured Satin and White Florence, Ribbons, Fancy, Flag Hdkfs. &c.

Corded and Jaconet Muslin, Lawns and Cambrick, Lace, Thread, and Black Silk Edging and Insertions.

A prime assortment of Kid Slippers of all sizes.

One case of Brush Hats, also Cloth Caps of various and the most recent fashions.

Gents. Kid and Buckskin Gloves a prime assortment. Also Indiarubber and Worsted Suspenders.

Sheeting and Shirting bleached and unbleached and also striped shirtings, Drillings, &c. A large assortment of W. I. GOODS, likewise Crockery Glass and Hard Ware.

All of which will be sold as cheap for Cash country produce or approved credit, as can be purchased in this vicinity.

Paris-Hill, April 13, 1840. tf

WANTED!
10,000 lbs. WOOL!
FOR WHICH CASH WILL BE PAID.

THE subscribers will purchase 10,000 pounds clean Fleece

WOOL,

and pay CASH, at the highest market price, if delivered soon, at their Store, No. 3, (Morton's Buildings,) Congress street, Portland.

BUTTERFIELD & WASHBURN.

Portland, June 18, 1840. tf 44

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, on account, of one year's standing, are requested to make payment *previous to the first of July next* All those who neglect this request, after that time will find their demands in the hands of those *authorized* for collection.

N. B. Do not neglect to call, for I *must* and SHALL do as I now say, unless an arrangement is made to the contrary, with individuals concerned.

FRANCIS BEMIS

Paris, May 22, 1840. tf 41

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the tuition of Mr. Ozias Millett; and as he has heretofore given good satisfaction as an instructor, and the institution is improving, we, with confidence invite youths of both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowledge, to come and see for themselves; as pending that it will be the care of the Trustees and Preceptor to render the school to them both agreeable and profitable

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.

Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 27tf

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Elias Stowell, late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, duly executed to David Jordan, of said Paris, a mortgage of certain premises, situated in said Paris, by Deed, dated the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1836, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of deeds, Book 49, page 27; and whereas the said Jordan, on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1837, duly assigned to me, the subscriber, his interest in said mortgage, which assignment is recorded in said Registry, Book 52, page 431,—reference being had to said mortgage Deed for a particular description of the premises, being the homestead which said Elias formerly occupied; and whereas the conditions in said mortgage have been broken, I claim to have possession of said mortgaged premises for condition broken, and to foreclose said mortgage.

DAVID P. STOWELL.

Paris, June 15, 1840. 3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Hezekiah Pingree, by his mortgage deed, bearing date the 7th day of April, 1837, conveyed to the undersigned a certain piece of land situated in the town of Norway, in the county of Oxford, containing twenty acres, the same being partially described in said deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 53, page 140. Now notice is hereby given of my claim by said mortgage deed, to the real estate therein described, and that the condition therein has been broken, by reason whereof I claim to foreclose said mortgage.

AARON WILKINS.

Norway, June 8, 1840. *3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Jacob Newton, of Dixfield, in the county of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. 1834, made and executed to me a mortgage deed of a certain lot of land, situated in said Dixfield, being the homestead farm, on which the said Newton then lived, and still lives, containing eighty acres, more or less; for a particular description of the premises, reference may be had to the Oxford Registry, at Paris, book 51, page 106; the conditions of which mortgage having been broken, I hereby claim to foreclose the same.

JOHN RIDDER.

June 9, 1840. 3w44

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS Oliver Strickland, of Andover, in the county of Oxford, on the 20 th day of February, A. D. 1837, by his deed of mortgage, conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Andover, as described in his deed of that date; which is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the aforesaid County, Book 51, page 83, reference thereunto being had. Now by reason of a breach of the conditions of the aforesaid mortgage, I claim to foreclose the same, and to have possession of the aforesaid mortgaged premises.

SIMON W. GREGG.

Andover, June 9, 1840. 3w44

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS Seth Wright, of Bethel, in the county of Oxford, died on the fourth day of April, A. D. 1835, seized of the following described real estate, viz. a certain lot of land situated in said Bethel, by deed, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said county, Book 47, page 445, reference to said record being had for a more full description of said land; and whereas the condition in said mortgage is broken by said Wright, I therefore hereby give notice that I claim to foreclose the said mortgage for condition broken.

AMOS GAGE.

Waterford, March 27, 1840. *3w41

FREEDOM.—I hereby certify and give public notice, that I have given my son, Asa S. Record his time until he is twenty one years of age; that he shall be free to act and trade for himself, and that I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

CYRUS RECORD.

Buckfield, June 15, 1840. 3w44

ON THE SMALL POX.
To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.

SMALL POX is a complaint more attendant on childhood than at any other time of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humors having become mixed with the circulation of the Blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shiverings, fevers, heaviness, weariness, and pains all over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its natural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first period.

The Blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (mattery pimples) in more or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy condition of the body. After these pimples come out, the fever subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into dust. This the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient; if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect health before the attack; for, the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore, be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed; for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to form pustules.

The Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation, the better; and should any of the above symptoms present themselves just take the **Brandreth Pills** every twelve hours, so as to produce powerful evacuations,—supposing that the fever arose not from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to health will be the same. At the second period, and while the fever continues, even if the various eruption takes place, the Pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstructions or settling of the humors. By this means the critis takes its course, and whether the humors be slightly corrupted or strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any sign of accident from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated in the interval of the drying of the pimples.

By thus evacuating the corrosive serosity of the humors which produce hole in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either,—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the diseases would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice, how many weeks, months, nay, perhaps years, of sickness might it not prevent! Fathers and mothers of families, reflect, it is only your duty in yourselves and your dear children to reflect upon these things and be advised in time. Should vaccination be decided upon, let the body be put in a healthy state previously, by the use of the Pills. But for my part I do not think much is gained by vaccination,—however, let the advice above be taken, and no danger can result from it or inoculation or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if Purgation be resorted to so as to produce a regeneration of the humors.

Your obedient servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

N. B. Be careful and never purchase Pills of a Druggist professing to be Brandreth's Pills, under no CIRCUMSTANCES is any one of this class made an Agent. My own established agents have INVARIABLY an ENGRAVED Certificate, signed "B. Brandreth, M. D." in my own hand writing.

This certificate is renewed yearly, and when ever twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine. It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed on the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its giving perfect satisfaction, and if all who want it are careful to go by the above directions there is but little danger but they will obtain it.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. *Buy of them and avoid deception.*

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
North Paris—Ebenezer Drake,
Buckfield—A. F. Cole.
Rumford—Otis C. Bolster.
" Asa Graham.
Dixfield—I. N. & C. Stanley,
Jay—Joel Paine.
Bethel—J. K. Kimball.
Livermore—Britton & Morrison.
" J. Coolidge.
N. " Kimball & Walker.
Woodstock—Welcome Kinsley.
Hartford—Hall & Haines.
Greenwood—Welcome Kinsley.
Albany—Lovejoy & French.
Turner—Hale Clark.
Norway—Jotham Goodnow
Lovell—James Walker.
Waterford—Noyes & Noble.
S. " R. H. Gerry.
Sweden—Benjamin Nevers.
Fryeburg—H. G. Buswell.
Porter—John Higgins.
Hiram—Joseph Butterfield.
Canton Mills—J. M. Deshon.
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
epo1y27

Blacksmith Wanted

AT Lock's Mills in Greenwood. One who is desirous to accumulate property would be preferred and receive encouragement. Please call and examine the situation.

April, 1840. tf 37

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have given my son John R. Hammond, his time, to act and trade for himself, and I shall pay no debts of his contraction, nor exact any of his earnings, after thisdate.

JOSEPH HAMMOND.

June 1, 1840. 3w43

FREEDOM.—This may certify, that I this day give my son, James M. Pote, Jr. his time to trade for himself, and I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date. JAMES M. POTE.

Attest—Geo. Tucker.

Bethel, June 8, 1840. *44

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have this day relinquished to my son, David E. Simpson, his time until he is twenty-one years of age, with power to act and trade for himself; I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

NATHANIEL SIMPSON.

Attest—John Dolloff.

Andover, April 1, 1840. *3w44

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BUCKFIELD, (Maine.)

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

DR. SEARS'
UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE pretence that any medicine is nearly an "*infallible cure*" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," whatever their character, is a flagrant imposition upon the public confidence, and a *most wicked outrage upon the generous sympathy that suffering humanity justly demands of us.*—Yet the very frequency and *boldness* of these *impious frauds*, so *eminently cruel* to the *unfortunate*, furnish solid ground for presenting the public a *remedy* that may be *intelligently appreciated* and RELIED UPON. That powerful medicinal agent, the Blood Root, is the basis of the *Universal Sanguinarian Pills*, and all the materials are drawn from the *Vegetable Kingdom*—the grand *source* of support to animal existence. But in the combination, the different ingredients are so blended and modified as to give the *compound a remarkable advantage* over the simples, and it is believed over *all other medicines.* When it is considered that nearly all diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered action of the *stomach and bowels*, and that in most instances, *this* is superinduced by *disorder* of the *Bile*, or *Gall*, which is the natural physic of the system—and when it is further considered that these Pills act with *singular power* upon *these many organs*, and through them upon the *blood* and *entire physical economy*, sober reason must justify the assertion, that this valuable discovery furnishes a remedy of *rare efficiency* in all curable cases of disease; and *this deduction of reason* is abundantly *corroborated by experience.* This medicine harmonizes with the laws of life, *inspires* and *strengthens nature*, and works its wonders, by generously cheering her on to a *triumphant conflict* with the obtrusive agents of disease. It is offered for *general use*, and as a *safe* and most valuable family medicine. *Safe*, not because it *does nothing*—like many contemptible nostrums of *newspaper celebrity*, which by occupying the place of efficient remedies are often FATAL—but safe because it *aids* and *co-operates* with *nature*, instead of so long her aside and violently attempting to perform *her work* by *dangerous* POSITIVE AGENCY.

The Proprietor feels the fullest confidence in the superior virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS.—Still they are presented to the public on their merits alone: and his only wish is to have their claim subjected to the *severe* but satisfactory test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S. BLASDEL. East Thomaston, Me.

AGENTS *for the* BLOOD-ROOT PILLS *in Oxford County:*

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; C. Howe, Sumner; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Turner; C. H. Crafts, Minot; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; O. C. Bolster & Co., Rumford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford; Graham & Knapp, Rumford; Wm. Walker, Peru; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Coolidge, Livermore; A. Hobbs, Livermore; L. Waterman, Livermore.

Wm. S. Craig, Augusta; L. Starr, Fayette. 1y42

To the honorable Court of County Commissioners, next to be holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, 1840.—

THE undersigned would respectfully represent that the great market road leading from the centre and the northerly parts of the county of Oxford, through the town of Oxford, over Pidgeon hill, Ricker's hill, and the Shaker hills, to Josiah Hobbs', in New Gloucester, is extremely hilly, and from the nature of the ground, over which said road passes, is subject to be very bad travelling in the spring and fall, by reason of the muddiness and roughness of the road; and in winter, by reason of snow-drifts or bare ground; and that the said hills may be almost entirely avoided, without materially increasing the distance, by the location of a road, commencing at the bridge over the Little Androscoggin river, at the New Mills, in the town of Oxford, thence westerly of Pidgeon hill, intersecting the old road at or near Benjamin Garland's in Poland, thence by Poland Corner and easterly of Ricker's hill, the Shaker hills, and pond to the old county road, near said Josiah Hobbs', or, if found expedient, to go on the westerly side of Ricker's hill and the upper Shaker hill, and on the easterly side of the lower Shaker hill, and intersect the old road at the most convenient place. And as the location of a road over the above described route would greatly facilitate the transportation of heavy loads to and from market, we respectfully pray, that after due proceedings had, your honors will make such new locations on said route, as the public good may require.

(Signed) G. G. WATERHOUSE,
& 175 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, began and holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1840.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners of the counties of Oxford and Cumberland, will meet at the tavern of Sewall Crockett, in said town of Oxford, on Tuesday the 22d day of September next, at 9 o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the clerks of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and on the County Attorneys of said counties of Oxford and Cumberland, and on the Chairman of the County Commissioners of the county of Cumberland, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, and in the Portland Advertiser and Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition shou'd not be granted

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

3w45 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—*Rumford.*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the town of Rumford, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the year 1839, for county, town, and school district No. 11 taxes; and also for delinquent highway tax for the year 1838, committed to me by the Assessors of said town to collect, in the sums following; and that the same remain unpaid in the bills as follows:

Names of non-residents, known or unknown.	No. of Lot,	No. Division	No. Acres,	Value,	Money Tax,	School Dis. trict No. 11,	Delinquent Highway T.
N. G. River.				$			
John Bradley,	51	2	100	100	76	1 56	64
do	53	2	100	125	95	78	81
do	55	2	100	100	76		64
do	32	2	100	100	76	1 56	
do	34	2	100	100	76	1 56	64
Nathan Brewer,	9	2	33	40	32		25
David Watt,	96	2	100	100	76		64
Unknown	42	2	81	50	38		32
E. E. River.							
C. M. Jewell,	17	1	80	150	1 14		
John Bradley,	63	3	62	50	38		
Unknown	68	3	150	50	38		
do	56	3	89	40	32		25
John Bradley or unknown	24	3	200	100	76		64
John Bradley,	38	3	100	100	76		
do	68	3	100	50	38		
do	96	3	100	50	38		64
do	88	3	103	50	38		32
do	103	3	78	40	32		25
C. L. Eustis,	85	3	100	50	38		
do	107	3	100	50	38		
do	100	3	100	50	38		
Wm. Wheeler,	100	3	100	100			64
Aaron Virgin or unk.	22	3	200	50		78	

And unless said taxes are paid to me, with all necessary intervening charges, on or before Monday, the twenty-eighth day of September next, I shall proceed on said day at one o'clock P. M. to sell so much of said land as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, at the Tavern of Jonathan Virgin, in said Rumford.

TIMOTHY WALKER, } Collector of Taxes for the year 1839.

Rumford, June 4th, 1840. 3w46